

Edge of Reality

by Jaye Reid

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Summary: Rachel is on leave after taking the life of John Harrison.

She has been instructed to keep a journal. And we all know how much Rachel likes to be told what to do.

Edge of Reality

> <meta name="Generator"> The Edge of Reality

From The Edge of Reality.

By Jaye Reid.

Commenced: 12.04.2000

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Disclaimer: Southern Star own them, with good ol' Uncle Hal, getting narky about it all. I guess he still owns them too. There are a few lines within this story that were contained in Rachel's actual journal or articles from the series. They are not mine. They are noted between the following symbols + text +

Authors notes. Diariesâ€¦ don't you love them? Well I was chatting to Saz the other day about the fact I have only used the format once for a story. Thought I might do another. Rachel's diary/journal was all written capitals, and I considered doing this for the fic, but decided against it. So please excuse this continuity error.

Dedicated to Saz for all the late night chats and penchants for brilliant diary stories of her own.

~*~*~

Monday 1st July 96.

Okay this feels crazy. One exercise book, journal, July 96 on the

front. Hell this feels like I am back at school on the first day. "Yes miss, of course I have my name on it." Bloody hell, who does this psych think she is? I don't need to write down how I feel.

I know how I feel.

But I guess if I don't do this she will write some damn report about me being uncooperative. That's all I need at the moment. Well I guess since I am heading off on my trip, it can be a travel journal. Ha, that will teach her. I'm not keeping a damn diary.

Just read over this stuff. I wonder if I should rip the page out and start again? I should find out if I have to show it to her. Hand in my homework as it would seem. Surely not. Damn, not writing any more of this crap until I know.

Okay, phoned her, no she doesn't have to see this. Good. Well I guess I'm free to say what I want. Well firstly " she has a screw loose. I think she's seen too many patients and is starting to go as crazy as them. Well some of them. I guess I am a patient and I am definitely not crazy. Perhaps a bit on the stressed side, but not crazy. But if I have to listen to her ask me "and how did it make you feel?" one more time I think I will scream! She wants me to talk about John.

I'd prefer to just try and forget it all happened. I've got this newspaper article. Don't know why I kept it. There's a picture of John. It's a good picture, I don't know where they got it from. Lovely headline, it says "Detective Shoots her Fiance". Sydney Water Police were involved in a dramatic shootout at an inner city cemetery. The officers involved were endeavoring to apprehend a fellow officer who was known to the police and wanted for questioning in a series of major corruption charges. The shooting occurred at... Nah, don't want to write anymore. There are words like tragically and it is all so damn no one else's business. Bloody media. They'd beat up a damn sack race if they thought it would buy them more readers. And as for John. + I have been told to write my thoughts. I first met John "Knocker" as they called Harrison about five years ago. I really thought that he was a cute guy. + Where did it all go wrong? This is crap, no, stuff it. I'm not going to write this. I don't need it. If I was getting more sleep and wasn't so damn tired I would think of something brilliant " that she wanted to hear " and I could be done with this stuff. I'm not the first copper to do this, and I won't be the last either.

Tuesday 2nd July 96.

Well the date fills up another line. Only have to keep this damn thing for a month. Just while I am away from work.

It's nearly 4 in the morning and I can't sleep again.

I must be just excited about this trip.

I always wanted to drive around Australia for a bit. Don't know how far I will get. I guess that will depend on when the money runs out. I should have done more of Australia before I trekked overseas, but Nepal " that was one hell of an experience. Would have been better without Jonathon, and finding out I was pregnant and everything while we were there. The morning sickness was a bloody nightmare. Ha and to

think at the time I thought it must have been food poisoning or the dodgy water.

Wish I could take David with me on this one. But there is no way he would have been allowed to go. Bloody Jonathon. I haven't told David really anything about what happened. One day I will. He really liked John. Well so did I.

I think Frank is worried about me going off and doing this by myself. He's been really great. I don't know what I would do without him. Couldn't wish for a better partner. Well to work with anyway. I wish I had listened to him. Why do I always seem to think that I know better? I should have trusted him. Not thought that it was a bloke thing. Jealously? Not Frank, he's too professional about what he does. Well, as professional as Francis James Holloway can be about anything. I actually miss him already and I haven't gone anywhere yet. Perhaps we have been working together too long? I guess I owe him a lot. If he hadn't been such a damn pit bull, I might still be planning a wedding with a murderer. Bloody John. What is it about me that attracts blokes like him?

Tired now, need sleep.

Thursday 4th July 1996.

Well if today is any indication of what the trip is going to be like, I think I will head back home to Sydney. Planned on driving a bit further that this today, but I'm totally stuffed. Don't even know where I am, but I plan to find out tomorrow. Mainly so I know NEVER to come here again! What a hell hole! The one motel should be closed down by health department or something and the caravan parkâ€¦ well I'm sleeping in the car tonight, that's how good IT is.

Damn uncomfortable, I feel like shit. I just want to get my life back again.

Saturday 6th

I keep having this stupid dream. I will be glad when it stops. Don't know what the hell I am eating or thinking for it to keep coming. I'm back at the cemetery and John is walking away and then he turns and I know what I have to do. I don't have any choice. Anyway, after he has fallen to the groundâ€¦ I go up to him and it isn't him lying there. In most of the dreams it's Frank, and I get chills and feel sick just thinking about it afterwards. Sometimes it is Kevin, and once it was even some guy that we found dumped in the Harbour with his throat slashed. But it is never John lying there. I don't understand why it isn't.

Perhaps it is a denial thing?

Bugged if I know. I just want it to stop. I am sick of the vision of Frank lying there and the feeling of overwhelmingâ€¦ I don't knowâ€¦ devastation? Funny, I didn't feel like that when it *was* John. Dead as anyone could be with a whole round emptied into them. Don't know why I did that. One bullet would have been enough. Just one.

Sunday 7th

I rang Dad tonight. Just to let him know I'm okay. He sounded cheerful enough but I know he's worried about me. I tried to convince him that I'm having a great time. Well I AM having a great time. I think he believes me. I grabbed a handful of postcards this afternoon. Thought I would send them to work. They're all just sitting here in front of me. I don't know what to write on them. How boring to write "having a great time" but what else can I say? Something witty. Yeah right, then they WILL know I'm crazy. Maybe I won't write anything? Maybe I won't even send them. This is crazy. I'm worrying over bloody postcards! I'll send one to Dad and David. Maybe one to Frank too. I know what to say to him. Well at least I used to. He's always accepted me for who I am. I just wish I knew who I was these days.

Have to ring the psych tomorrow. That should be fun! Reporting in like I'm some bloody criminal on parole. She'll want to know about this damn book. Well at least I'm writing in it.

Tuesday 9th

Phoned loopy Lulu yesterday. Hell that woman is intense. Yes I'm fine, no I'm not having flashbacks or nightmares, yes I am coping. Well as if I'm going to tell her about the dreams. They'll go eventually, they did after last time. It was only when his drugie girlfriend Fran showed up that they came back. They went after she was put back inside. Yes eventually. Probably when I get back to the real world and can concentrate on something else. This relaxing idea was good in theory, but hell I am getting bored. Haven't read a good book for awhile. Never anytime. Well I was spending every spare moment with David or John. I guess I have the time now to catch up on some reading.

12/6/96

Haven't written in this for a few days. I guess that is a good thing. Well really this whole journal idea is a crock of shit, but if it keeps me out of trouble with the wacko then I guess I better keep going. Travel journal, that is what this is â€" not a diary. So as this is a travel journal â€" I'm still up here on the Gold Coast. People and tourists everywhere. I can just blend in here, it's great.

I wonder how Frank is getting on with my replacement? Perhaps he will prefer to work with them than me? I couldn't blame him after everything that has happened. I should have listened to him. Trusted him. That is what we do. Trust each other. If I can't trust his judgement then I can't work with him. But what about my judgement? If I stand back now and look at it all as an outsider, I can see it all so damn clearly. Hindsight, brilliant stuff. If it had been someone else, not me, I would have been sounding the alarm bells. But I couldn't see it. I just didn't. I let myself believe that Frank was acting out of jealousy. I mean why would he do that? Why would I even THINK that he would be jealous? It's not as if there is anything between us. I haven't mentioned anything to him about the night that he came around drunk. He probably doesn't even remember it. He must have been SO damn drunk. I think he would have had to have been to have even considered taking me on. Marry him? That was so out of left field. Perhaps it was just his way of trying to convince me not to marry John? What did he say, something like screw him but not marry him? He must have had his suspicions about John for awhile. I wish he

had said something. Warned me before I got myself in so deep. I guess he didn't think I would believe him. I don't know if I would have at the time. Looking back now, I will never doubt anything that he says again. I should have known that he wouldn't just make it up.

I have a photo of John and David. They look happy together. He would have been a great guy to have had around David. I can't believe that anyone who was so damnâ€¦ I don't know, good â€¦ could be so totally evil at the same time. He was two people within the one body.

It's a nice photo, but I don't know what to do with it now. That part of my life, of David's life, is over. I guess I might just stick it in here for the time being.

I phoned David earlier today, told him I was missing him. He got the postcard I sent, he was so excited about it. It felt so good to hear his voice. But Jonathon called him for dinner. Must make a note not to phone around meal-times next time. But I am sure Jonathon will find an excuse to cut us short. He made some smart arse comment the other day about the company I keep and the way I seem to dispose of my male companions. I think he was going to try and pull a stunt and tell me that he was going to try the whole custody thing with David again. I have supposedly proven â€" once again - how unfit a mother I am. I soon let him know that I was aware of the information that John had found about his 'other dealings' and for once I knew I had him for a change.

Monday 15th

Wandered into Pacific Fair at Surfers today. Thought I would grab some lunch and do some window shopping. Went to a newsagency and grabbed the Sydney papers. Don't know why because I am meant to be getting away from it all. But I seem to scan through them to see what is happening. Anyone or anything being found on or in the harbour. They had a drug haul down near the Navy yards. Water Police seized a shit load of heroine. Have to remember to ask Frank about it. I miss all the action. Decided that since I was on holidays I would buy one of those trashy weekly mags that I never bother with when I am at home. Too busy and there is usually too much crap about who is doing who and what the latest 'stars' are wearing to what. I mean, who really cares? If they say that florals are the 'in' look, am I meant to just rush out and fill my wardrobe with dizzy flower printed fabrics? Stuff that for a joke. But it was worse. Before I even got to the 'glam' pages, I found my own face staring back at me. ME! In a bloody magazine! The girl that survived, well she is still alive, but I wonder if she is surviving any better than me? There was a story about how she is the only one left and how John murdered her friends because they saw him at the Gap that night. The night he killed Kevin. The picture of me is shocking. It's the same one that they used in the paper from outside the inquest. Shit I look awful.

I felt really stupid in there, just sitting at a table in the foodcourt. Actually I felt sick. I had to get out of there. It was like everyone was staring at me. And I know they wouldn't have been. They couldn't see what I was reading.

I phoned David tonight. Apparently he wasn't home, but Jonathon felt the need to mention the magazine article. I should have known that he would see it. Just the sort of thing Deborah would read. God I hate artificial people. He said he wished I would change my name back to

Freidman so that he wouldn't have to be associated with me and anything I do. I told him to get stuffed. Probably not the smartest move, but I am just so sick of it. I can't believe I was married to the man once. He's just such a self righteous prick.

17th July 96

It's the middle of the night. I don't know what time really. My watch is over on the table and I can't be bothered getting up to check it.

I had the dream again. I feel wide awake. It was Frank lying there again. I hate this. Maybe I am going crazy? Hell what if this doesn't stop? What if I keep having this dream for the rest of my life? I couldn't handle it. So much blood. More than I actually remember. Not that I can really remember it. I can lie here and try to remember but there is a black wall that goes up whenever I try. So why does it look so damn vivid when I am asleep?

Anyway, holiday journal. Tomorrow, well today I guess. It was a bit crappy out on the beach today. Well it is July so I guess you can't expect it to be perfect weather all the time. Might go and check out a Sanctuary that's in the brochure. It sounds peaceful. Can't be bothered doing the SeaWorld, Movie World touristy thing. Might at least go and catch a movie. Don't even know what is showing. I feel like I have been living in another world for so long.

19th July

Leaving here tomorrow, heading further up the coast. Perhaps up to the Sunshine coast. See how long it takes me and what else I see along the way. Don't know if I can be bothered stopping in Brisbane. Surfers here is hectic enough. Too many people.

Went to the flicks today. Couldn't believe it, Robert Redford film. I don't know how I missed reading about it. Guess I haven't been reading much these days. I bought another one of Terry Pratchett's books today. The bright orange cover caught my eye in the bookshop. Haven't even had a chance to look at it yet. I found it when I was just wandering, waiting for the movie. Oh Robert Redford still looks so damn good! He always plays interesting men. Why can't there be REAL men like that out there? I cried at the end. I don't cry at much these days. The story really sucked me in. His character died in the end. She loved him and he died.

20th July 96

This is nice. Made my way to Coolum today. Might stay here for a bit. The caravan park is on the beach and I have a van at the front. I can sit here as the sun sets, and just look out over the water. Found a great fish and chip shop just over the back of the park across the main beach road and there's bottle shop around the corner up near the lights.

The surf life saving club is just up a bit from my van too. There is music coming from it. Must be a band playing tonight. Been told the food is okay there too. It's Saturday night, no wonder there is a band or something. I'm beginning to lose track of the days already. Don't know if that is a good or bad thing. Either I am totally relaxed or I am going crazy. Perhaps both?

21st July 1996

Reckon I walked nearly half way to Noosa today along the beach. It's a long way and I think my legs are going to get back at me for this tomorrow. Haven't been for a run or anything for ages. Sort of got out of the habit when John started staying over, or I slept at his place. Frank was always making comments about missing me out on a morning run. Said I would start to getâ€¦ what was that word he usedâ€¦. dumpy, that was it. He reckoned I would get 'dumpy' if I stopped exercising. I always thought he was just jealous that I was spending my mornings lying in bed with John. And I figured I was getting my exercise.

The couple in the caravan next to mine introduced themselves today. They are older, about Dad's age I guess. Seem like nice people. Got worried for a minute when she said she recognised me from somewhere. I played dumb but then she asked me if I was on the TV. Told her no. Well the news reports don't count as far as I'm concerned. He interrupted her. I think he thinks I'm somebody and I don't want to be recognised. She got the hint but I could tell she still thinks she's seen me on telly. What a laugh!

Anyway they're retired, travelling where and when they want. Sounds ideal. Maybe one day when I retire I might do the same thing. It's years, decades away before I get to do that. I wonder how long I'll stay at the water police working with Frank? I can't imagine working anywhere else or with anyone else. Frank's been there for years. He doesn't seem to want to go anywhere. So I guess if I stay there, it's always going to be me and him. I don't mind that, we work okay together. We do the good cop, bad cop routine pretty well. It's funny because it isn't always the same role. When we're interviewing someone it just sort of clicks. We can sense which one of us is getting through better and we just go with that. It's comfortable â€" I like it.

I could handle Jeff's job â€" Chief Inspector. Well noâ€¦ perhaps not. I could handle the pay! But I think I'd have to get out of the office a hell of a lot more than he does. Bigger pushing a pen around paper all day. Anyway, that's got to be years off, stick to what I do for now, worry about promotions and stuff later.

22nd July 1996.

I phoned Frank tonight. There are a heap of phone boxes outside the Surf Life Saving Club. I went there for dinner. The guy at the bottle shop was right, they have good food. I don't know if I was being paranoid or not, but I swear people were looking at me. Maybe I look really out of place. Perhaps I should dip my head in the peroxide or something. I need the boogie board under my arm, the blonde hair and the sand stained knees. But I think it would take so much peroxide that my hair would probably fall out.

Anyway, phoned Frank. Thought I better tell him that I was okay. I think he has been worried that I will lose it and end up as road kill.

It was good to hear his voice. We talked about nothing really. Nearly 20 dollars worth of nothing. Kept right on feeding that phone until I ran out of change. Didn't bring my mobile. Left it at home so no one

will bother me. He sounds good. Complaining about the replacement that he has been lumbered with. Doesn't know where the hell he came from but he will be much happier when he goes back. Jokingly said he missed me and wanted me to come back. Maybe I should?

23rd July (Tuesday) 1996

I've really done nothing since I've been here. I suppose that is the idea though. Still buying the Sydney papers. Don't seem to be able to let go of the job. I've been a copper for too long I guess. But I don't mind that. I mean what else is there that I could possibly do? I gave up my marriage for the job. Don't know that it would have survived anyway. Jonathon and I are too different. But we have David and I wouldn't have missed out on him for the world.

So what could I do if I didn't do this?

I don't really remember wanting to do anything else. I guess I could have gone and worked with Dad. He could have got me a job as a machinist or something. I could never have gone into the design side of the job. I just don't have his creative flair. Must take after Mum. Although she could sew. I couldn't even manage to get the damn machine threaded properly without help. What else could I have done? Shop assistant or something? Nahâ€¦ don't think I have enough patience for stupid people. Couldn't have gone to Uni. Would have gone crazy if I had to go to school any longer than I did. And there wasn't really the money for me to have gone anyway. Nah the coppers *were* a good choice for me I think.

24th July 1996

I've been sitting out on the beach today, in the rain. People must have thought I was crazy. I was trying to remember what I did before John was there. I guess we didn't really go out all that much. We were just there at the end of the day. Helen always seems to disapprove of relationships within the force, but really, who else knows what it is like out there? I mean he understood when I had a crap day. He knew what it was like because he'd had crap days too. Like Frank. Frank and I could go down to the pub. Nothing like a power drinking session to clear out the head and work through the rubbish. Best debriefing sessions happen down at the Cutter bar.

I can't believe he even thought for a second that I could just walk away from it all. Pack up and go to Europe, or anywhere else for that matter, with him. To ask me to go, just like that. Did he really know so *little* about me? He didn't really know me at all. I guess it cuts both ways, because I obviously knew nothing about him.

In some ways, as much as I hate to admit it, and not that I would EVER admit it out loud to anyone, but I guess I am just as much a victim of his as the others. I hate being the victim. I don't handle it well. But perhaps just the fact that I KNOW that, is half way to dealing with it. He conned me. Like he conned everyone else. Well everyone but Frank. He knew that Kevin wouldn't have thrown himself over The Gap. Holloway's don't seem to run away from anything. They face up to their faults. Ha, once in a while they even admit to them. Well perhaps when they think they are going to be found out anyway!

25th July

Went to this touristy town today with Lorna and Harry. It was amazing. Up in the hills and it was just one street where every shop was full of artistic stuff. Ceramics, photography, hand painted silks. The credit card took a beating. You could really go crazy if you had the money. I bought a few handcrafted little sculptures and a picture, well photograph, to put up. It is of a storm over the ocean. I love it. But my huge extravagance was this outfit! Not something I would usually even look at but I bought it. It's bright red silk top with an embossed gold pattern and very fitted. It had a gold satin sort of long skirt with it. I'm not used to wearing skirts this long. But maybe that is what appeals to me about it. It's different. I have absolutely no idea where I will wear it. I tried it on for a lark and Lorna said it looked great. I wasn't sure but she called Harry and he said he wanted to divorce Lorna so he could take up with me. Hell he's a clown. He's got that I don't know what it is, but he's such a kid, even at his age. Reminds me of Frank really. Oh hell does that mean Frank's never going to grown up?!! Anyway the outfit is hanging up in here, and I'm glad I bought it.

26th July.

There is a club in Noosa. Apparently it is a good nightspot. Might head up there later. It's been a long time since I have gone out by myself. I'm not sure if I remember how to do it. Just go out and mingle. Well I guess I have to start doing it again sometime. John is dead. There is no changing the fact that I killed him.

He would have killed me.

Guess I haven't really thought about that much. But yeah he was going to kill me. That's what he was doing when he turned around. He had thrown down his gun, but it was Frank's gun he was going for. Franks gun. I don't know how Frank would have dealt with it if John had actually killed me with his gun? There's going out in a blaze of bullets but to be killed with your own gun is a totally different matter. And I think if it was your partners gun " Franks gun, it would be pretty much the same thing. Sometimes out on the job, I wonder where Frank stops and I start. We just work together like two pieces of jigsaw together. I hope that all of this doesn't change that.

Well I'm back. Went to the club. It wasn't bad. I was starting to have a good time. But I'm a copper. Hell I wish I could just switch off. There was some shit being offered around for sale which was bad enough, and then this guy at the bar recognised me. Said something like he had heard about me and that he hated to think what I would do if my 'bloke' forgot to take the garbage out. I wanted to deck him. I so wanted to hit the bastard. But I didn't. I just left.

Saturday 27th July 1996

I'm sick of this DREAM!! Actually it was better, if that is at all possible. It was the same dream. Shooting John. But this time when I walked up to the body, it WAS John lying there. No more Frank! And despite the fact that these dreams are driving me crazy, at least it wasn't Frank lying there.

I've had enough of this. I think it is time to head for home. I miss my boy, I miss Dad and the job and Frank and everything. I want to

get back to the real world. Where I know what is happening. Being up here, I feel like I've run away from it. And I don't run from anything.

John was part of my life. He isn't anymore. It was probably for the best that I was the one to stop him. If it had to have been Frankâ€¦ well they had been mates for years. And in some ways Frank maybe would have preferred to have killed him because of Kevin. But then Frank would be living with this, and I wouldn't want him to. It would have destroyed him.

Well only had to keep this for a month, so my time is virtually up. I think it will be enough. I wonder if Loopy will want an essay on what I did on my holidays? Now here is ME worried about realityâ€¦ Loopy is on another planet. How do you get a job as a service psych I wonder? I'll give her a call on Monday. I think I have to go back to her before I get to go back to work. Play her game, get her to sign off on whatever she has to sign off on. Then back to it.

Wednesday 31st.

It is so good to be back home. I have missed my own bed, my own space, my own mess. Called David earlier, told him I was home. I'm picking him up on Saturday morning after Soccer and we're spending the weekend together doing whatever he wants. I might give Dad a call too. See if he wants to tag along. That's the problem being divorced. If I don't see David, Dad doesn't get to see him either. Dad and Jonathon don't really see eye to eye. I don't think they ever did. Dad saw right through him. But John had us both conned. Dad actually approved of him. Can't be right all the time I guess. Well I'm allowed to make a mistake once in awhile. Not that I would say that to Frank. I know the look he would give me, damn smart arse that he is!

I'm looking forward to getting back to work. Poor Frank, his side kick went back to Rose Bay, my old stomping ground, about a week ago and he has been stumbling his way through the caseload by himself. There'll be a tonne of work to do tomorrow. I'm back at it tomorrow. The psych tried to convince me to wait until next Monday. Start the week afresh she thought. I figure its just another half weeks worth of work that I will have to catch up on when I get back so I might as well get stuck into it sooner rather than later.

The sooner I get back into it I can put the past behind me. Frank will be okay. I hope so anyway. I really miss the bastard. I wonder how he is? I mean I haven't really asked him how he felt when John was finally gone. They had been mates and he did kill Frank's brother. I don't know how I would cope if I was him. Perhaps he should have taken a holiday too?

Okay, well this is the end of July, so now more journal! Loopy Lulu is happy enough with my word that I kept it. Stuff her if she didn't believe me anyway!

End
file.